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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1903.

WEATHER BULLETIN.
WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—For lower
Michigan: Fair, preceded by light
snows at local lake stations.

THANKSGIVING SURPRISES.

Thanksgiving contained some surprises which were disagreeable to the professional poor. Heretofore they have demanded that the committee dispensing charity on Thanksgiving day should send almost any article of food, clothing or fuel which fancy suggested to their homes. And the committee usually acquiesced. Time makes custom an unwritten law. When those who are too lazy to work or who believe that the world owes them a living heard that the citizens' response to the appeal of the Organized Charity and the Provident society was unusually liberal, the professional mendicants saw a rich harvest before them. For years they have asked and received, and, of course, expected no change. Unfortunately conclusion for their peace of mind! Yesterday morning these gentry begged the headquarters of the Provident association and demanded their spoils—and were refused. They stormed and berated, finally leaving imbued with the idea that a new regime was in power and that the winter promised to be hard, very hard, for the "unfortunates." Their acquiescence in grasping the situation is to be commended. Next they want to appreciate that professional pauperism is condemned to a speedy death in Grand Rapids and that they must work or suffer. When they realize the alternative and act, a long imposed upon community will rise up and call the Organized Charity association blessed. Following the proposed line of action the Provident society absolutely refused to give a single article from its beautiful supply yesterday, save in cases which needed immediate relief. Such calls received, and invariably with, immediate attention. All other appeals for aid were registered to be investigated, and if found worthy will receive aid. In view of the depression in labor the response of the charity inclined was most generous and the Organized Charity have large supplies on hand; which will be used as required to produce the greatest relief to the many, it being wisely decided that promiscuous giving only encourages beggary and pauperism. It is simply a waste of time, money and supplies to gorge a few hundred professional beggars, a notch removed from criminals, for a day and let the worthy and deserving suffer during the winter months. THE HERALD sympathizes with the disappointed and advises them to either work, starve, or leave town.

FAITHFUL SERVANTS.

In the very nature of things there always has been and always will be masters and servants in this world as well as the rich and the poor. The weak will rest upon the strong. The ignorant will look to the learned for instruction. The young go to the old for counsel. The laborer depends upon the employer for work that he may gain his daily subsistence. There is, however, a mutual interdependence. No man is utterly independent of his fellows. He must have some one to serve him, and it is expected to secure a continuous service from either man or woman he must be kind, just and true. On the other hand, the servant cannot expect to secure steady or remunerative employment unless he is able and willing to render valuable service, and prove himself trustworthy. We are obliged to trust each other more or less. You cannot always have your employees under your immediate observation. Thus it comes to pass that trustworthiness is really the most valuable trait any person can possess. It is indeed a fortune in itself.

In politics we are compelled to appoint certain persons to conduct the affairs of government, and we put them in places of honor and trust. Competency and trustworthiness are the two great virtues in a public officer. If he lacks either of them he is utterly unfit for the position he seeks or holds. Apply this to our political parties. We are a nation of many minds of many minds. Certain of us are profoundly of one mind on one and form what is known as a political party. If we constitute a majority of the people, under our constitution we can assume the conduct of the government's affairs. Yet, after all, we are simply the servants of the whole people. We do their work and must give an account of our stewardship to them. We must continue to retain the confidence of a majority of the people for if we fail to do so they will, in due time, rise up in their might and place others in our stead.

whether justly or not, the people tried the democratic party for four years. Then, again, becoming dissatisfied they tried the republican party for four years. Then they had another fit of dissatisfaction and concluded to try the democratic again. Now, after only eight months of trial, the democratic servants have proved so utterly incompetent and untrustworthy, that were the proper time at hand, the popular disgust would clear them out of office in short order. The good and faithful servants who served us so well, for twenty-eight years out of thirty-two, is wanted back again as badly as she was in 1865. And have we not every reason for supposing that she will serve us equally as well, if not better than before, having had experience, some of it quite bitter? The present indications are that the majority of our people have some decided opinions on this subject; but it is to be hoped they will never again have such reason for calling back the old servants as they have now.

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

It may seem and perhaps is somewhat conceited for citizens of the United States to arrogate to themselves the name American, but they have done so, and by common consent they are known abroad by that title, although Canadians and citizens of South America have as good a right to such a designation as we have. Now that we have become a great and powerful nation rather than a loose compact of jealous states, and are in many respects second to no country on the earth, the title, an American citizen, is a proud one, and we cannot honor it too highly.

The mere fact that a man resides here does not make him an American citizen, as he may owe allegiance to some other country. He must be born here, or he must have renounced allegiance to any other government. A man must possess a certain temper of mind to constitute him a true citizen of this country. If he has been naturalized and yet, like the old Israelites, still longs for the leeks and onions of his native country, he gives us but a half-hearted allegiance. The true American citizen loves this country like the ancient Jew did Jerusalem, or as Brutus claimed to love Rome. In business and in politics he labors with an eye to his country's honor and glory. He rejoices over his country's prosperity and mourns over its adversities. The man that feels a secret pleasure when his country (no matter what party is in power) suffers loss or has its honor sullied, is a traitor at heart and only lacks a suitable opportunity to become one in overt act. Our sensitive news to our country's rights and wrongs is the test of our loyalty, and the proof that we are true citizens. It is such citizens upon whom our hopes must rest in times like these, and in all the perilous times which are to come. Patriotism is a much higher and nobler sentiment than partisanship. He serves his party most who serves his country best.

DEMOCRATIC writers are given to prating about the insidious and dangerous disease which has been preying on the country for the past twenty-five years. It seems singular that having such an awful disease preying at its vitals, ours has nevertheless been the most prosperous country on the earth—the astonishment and envy of the world—and has now even passed Great Britain as a manufacturing nation. We have had every outward sign of robust health, and have increased in stature exceedingly, when behold! a fatal disease has been gnawing at the people's vitals. This is a very remarkable phenomenon in nature. We need better proof than a mere democratic assertion to make us believe it.

Does the Chicago Times think the feelings of "His Obesity" have fallen into a state of innocuous desuetude that it dares charge him with "plotting to make the east king and the south and west hewers of wood and drawers of water"? Has his excellency no feelings that the Times dares to charge him with "concocting a plot that will ruin the party unless the party crushes it," and by inference his excellency himself. Its exceeding wrath hath made the Times very bold.

SENATOR MURPHY of New York is not a Cleveland democrat nor a friend of the president. The senator lives at Troy, New York. The Wilson bill proposes to reduce the duty on collars and cuffs, the manufacture of which is the principal industry of that town. Mr. Murphy avers he will fight the collar and cuff clause in the senate until it is stricken out. Surprising how many protectionists have appeared in the ranks of democracy since the Wilson bill has been made public.

How have the mighty fallen when the great prophet and prophet of democracy is charged with committing "one of the biggest political blunders ever perpetrated by man." To whom can the untimely look for a political leader and guide now that their long trusted chief is slain? If the appointment of one undesirable postmaster works such disaster to the party, how awful will be its state when the last place is filled.

An exchange remarks that "Mr. Cleveland is a good deal more than a novel president." Yes, it is believed he weighs heavier on the hay scales than any of his predecessors in the presidential chair.

Of course Collector of Internal Revenue I. C. Smith invited John Farr to share his Thanksgiving turkey yesterday.

Tinkers and foot ballers were the kings of the country yesterday, "but oh, what a difference in the morning."

NEW WAY TO WORK

There Was No Indiscriminate
Giving Yesterday.

IMPOSTERS NEED NOT APPLY

Great Improvement Over the Old Way
of Dealing With the City's Poor—
on Thanksgiving.

Those whose watched the work of the charitable people of the town yesterday and compared it with the work of former years could not fail to notice the great benefit resulting from having a central society and a perfect organization at the helm to direct the efforts of the people. In former years the collecting of great stores of provisions, clothing and footwear and the indiscriminate distribution of them was the great feature of the day. Old women with a half dozen ragged and dirty children would call at the depot of supplies and unobtrusively ask for alms, giving the largest part of the money in pauperism. Not infrequently the same person would apply several times in the day, or two or more members of the same household would at different times get supplies. The results of course were bad, for while many needy persons were well fed for one or two days, it opened wide the gates for the impostor and the sneak to get in his work. Usually those of the latter class were able to carry away the largest part of the goods. Not one was to blame for this as it was impossible to tell who were and who were not impostors.

Benefits of Organization.

Yesterday there was no indiscriminate giving. The doors of the Organized Charity society were locked and the few callers, most of them professional beggars, were turned away and told to come another day. Many of them sought the depot of supplies on Fountain street and applied for alms there. One woman with two or three little ones called and almost demanded shoes, making the children hold up their shod feet to show how much in need of shoes they were. She was told that nothing would be given out from that place this winter. Application must be made at the Charity society on Division street, and all goods given out would be given from that place. She was also told that she must not bring her children any more if she expected to get anything for them. There is a good supply of clothing, potatoes, turnips and flour deposited in the depot and will be distributed to the really deserving families. It is not to be understood that in a case of real hunger the society would wait to investigate before relief is offered. But in all cases except these extreme cases a full investigation will be made before a recommendation to give away any of the goods will be made. Much of the clothing will be repaired and in the work room a dozen or more men and women are busy placing neat patches upon the partly worn garments so they will be as good as new when given away. Wednesday afternoon the Charity society was so besieged by a delegation of Holland people that Neil DeWeyer was obliged to deliver them a lecture in their own language before they could be made to understand that nothing was to be given out without investigation. The trouble was owing to a mistake made in the Standard, the Holland paper in which it was stated that a general distribution of goods would take place.

In response to J. W. Rosenthal's

generous offer to feed all persons sent to him who had not been provided with a dinner from other sources, about 50 persons called. Many of them were given tickets for a meal at a restaurant, but several were impostors and were turned away.

A Sample Appeal.

One of the laughable incidents of the day was a postal card received by one branch of the Charity society which read as follows: "I'm a poor lone woman, and hearing that you are going to do something for the poor, I am writing to be classed among them. I was not signed but a street and number were given. The Organized Charity Society will investigate the case and if the woman is able to work, an attempt will be made to find employment for her that she may earn her own living."

Two little girls called at Charity headquarters about 10 o'clock yesterday. They were begging and when questioned it was learned that they resided outside the city limits near Burton avenue. They had walked from home and had begged all the way down town. They were at once sent home, and the case will be investigated to see what is needed for the family.

Two children met a man on Canal

street and told him their mother was sick and they had no money. He was ready to buy their dinner when the district nurse of the Charity society stepped up and told him that she knew the family and knew that the mother was not sick and that the family had sufficient food in the house to keep them several days.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

Lockery hall held a fair sized and delighted audience last night, which thoroughly enjoyed the concert given by the St. Cecilia society and Schubert club for sweet charity's sake. Had the audience equaled in numbers the excellence of the entertainment, the hall would not have held it. The program was one of the best ever heard in the city, the numbers being repeatedly encored. Those which were particularly noticeable being "Rock-a-Bro," sung by the St. Cecilia chorus; the Schubert club's chorus, "Wandering Singer's Patrol," Mrs. Fyfe's charming number, Miss Hughes' harp solo and Campbell's master song, which made the hit of the evening. Mr. Wellenstein added new laurels to his already large wreath by his rendition of two of Chopin's polonaises. Mrs. Engenie de la Lafayette played a polonaise for the left hand only which was much admired. Her execution is excellent and technique superb. The stage setting was novel, and credit should be given the minds which conceived it. In the rear was a huge screen, in front of which were placed chairs and tables in such a manner as to convey the impression that the affair was given in a private house rather than a public hall.

The sale of reserved seats for subscribers to the Grand Maritime concert, will open at the box office of Lockery hall this morning. Maritime, who has not recently appeared in the eastern cities, seems to have created so great a furore among devotees of music as did Paderewski. Critics pronounce him the greatest violinist who has yet come to us from foreign shores. He will appear here next Thursday evening.

While the public set aside Thanksgiving as a day of resting, resting and feasting, it is entirely different with the inmates. It means double work for him.

The extra performance keeps him within the theatre most of the day. While the greater portion of the people are amusing themselves the player must labor, to contribute to their entertainment. Holidays are unwise days with the player.

Another very satisfactory rehearsal of "Ivanhoe" was held last evening. Director Pearson, who has worked very hard for two months to bring the production of this opera to perfection, expressed himself as well pleased and confident that it will be a success when presented in Powers' next Monday and Tuesday evenings. The sale of reserved seats begins this morning.

Lincoln J. Carter's new play, "The Tornado," which comes to The Grand Sunday evening, is said to be a novelty in mechanical effects. When it is remembered that Mr. Carter successfully ran real locomotives and trains of cars about the stage in his first effort, "The Fast Mail," no one need be surprised at anything he may promise in "The Tornado."

"The Waifs of New York" played to an immense business at The Grand yesterday. Tomorrow afternoon all school children will be admitted for 10 cents, in honor of little Vergie, the child actress, in this popular play.

There will be a matinee at Smith's today. The next attraction will be the London Belle Burlesque company.

STATE PRESS SENTIMENT.

The democratic threat of free iron has succeeded in closing about every mine in northern Michigan. In the vicinity of Ironwood are 5,000 miners and their families, 20,000 in all, in a starving condition. Out of employment and out of money, the starving miners are getting desperate and threaten an outbreak. With iron on the free list the future of the iron miner is black indeed.—Hastings Banner.

Congressman Wilson is kept very busy now-a-days explaining what his new tariff bill means. As a matter of fact it is the consummation of the democratic tariff plank of 1892, which the majority last year erroneously supposed they wanted, but which this year they have repudiated in a voice whose echoes are still reverberating around the world.—Boston Harbor Palladium.

Ex-Governor Alger's suggestions that the mine owners of the upper peninsula should open their mines and employ at reduced wages such laborers as would accept employment, appears to present a very feasible plan of relief for the suffering miners, though of course it cannot meet the pressing demands of immediate necessities.—Battle Creek Journal.

How former generations ever managed to acquire an education without the aid of foot ball is a mystery. They must have been in the habit of cultivating their heads instead of their heels.—Kalamazoo Telegraph.

There are yet a few republican United States consuls abroad, but the civil service reform band is playing, "Come, Ye Die-consulate," and presently they will be gathered in, also.—Detroit Journal.

A Tough Story.

When it comes to toughness, Texas grass fed beef is entitled to the blue ribbon, and the average Texas landlord is sure to get the toughest beef in the market. "Is there a carpet beating establishment next door?" asked a newly arrived guest at an Austin hotel.

"Not that I know of," responded the urbane clerk.

"Well, then, you must have a blacksmith shop in the cellar. Do you shoe horses down in the cellar?"

"No, of course not."

"What's all that pounding as if there was a boiler factory in full blast or some cooper at work driving down hoops?"

"Oh, that's nothing but the cook pounding the beefsteak for breakfast."

—Texas Siftings.

Were Them Out.

Before the night session began the senate had adjourned, says Kate Foote, and several senators were getting their hats in the cloak room. Mr. Stewart among them, when one of his fellow senators said, "Stewart, you remind me of a clergyman." Mr. Stewart naturally stared, and then laughed and said, "How, pray?" "Yes, you are like a certain minister who was telling a friend that he had preached two hours and a half. 'Were you not very tired?' said the friend sympathetically. 'No, no, I was as fresh as a rose, but you should have seen the congregation.'"—Argonaut.

Cause For Thanks.

The Spartan mother was pale and resolute. Her hand trembled as it rested upon the armored shoulder of her only son about to go forth to battle, her red lips were set sternly and her eyes were dry.

"My boy," she said solemnly, "come back with your shield or upon it, and thank your lucky stars it's only war, and not football."

With her benison then he departed.—Puck.

Left Her There.

Leeds—Hello, Mansfield. I thought you were going to spend the winter in Florida?

Mansfield—So I was, but I came back yesterday.

Leeds—What was the matter? Didn't the climate agree with you?

Mansfield—Yes, but my wife didn't.—Truth.

Had Appreciated It Long Before.

Mr. Noodle (who has just been narrating a humorous adventure)—Er—why don't you laugh? I don't believe you appreciate the story.

Miss Castigone—On the contrary, Mr. Noodle, I have always said it was a good story.—Chicago Record.

A Crooked Cure.

Reverend Husband (crushing in with telegram)—Charles, an old uncle of mine has died and left me a fortune of \$100,000.

Joyful Wife—I am so glad, Henry. We can get a new clothes basket now, can't we?—Chicago Tribune.

What! Don't you recognize me? I'm your nephew Frank. I was in a railway accident and have just been discharged from the hospital, cured!—Life.

WAS GRAY KILLED?

The Disappearance of Theodore
Gray Causes a Sensation

AMONG FAMILY AND CHURCH

Unexplainable Correspondence From
Toronto Leads to the Arrest of
His Counterpart.

About five weeks ago Theodore J. Gray, an engraver living at No. 36 LeGrand street, disappeared from his home and his family heard nothing from him, until a few days ago Charles A. Pinkney, living at No. 62 McDowell street, received a letter from Toronto, Ontario, saying that a man had been killed by a railway accident in that city who evidently belonged to Grand Rapids; that his face was too badly disfigured to allow of a photograph being taken, and that the remains which were fully recovered had been buried on the railway company's private burial grounds, and for further information to apply to A. A. H. railway traveling agent, Box 125 Toronto Mail.

Pinkney turned the letters over to the Rev. J. Collins, pastor of the Spring Street A. M. E. church, thinking the man referred to might be Gray. Gray is a white man, but he and his wife had joined the Spring Street African church and the colored people took considerable interest in his whereabouts. Mr. Collins sent a letter to Postmaster Patterson, saying he was anxious to obtain information about the man whose description corresponded with that of Gray, but the initials to the letter instead of a name aroused his suspicions. The two letters were handed over to the police. A detective was secreted yesterday afternoon in The Mail office, and when a man came in to inquire for letters for box 125 he was arrested. He said his name was Joseph W. Gray, and that he had advertised for a situation and was looking for another, and that he knew nothing about the Grand Rapids affair. This statement was subsequently contradicted by an office boy who made typewriter copies of the letter in question for Gray.

The description of the man arrested corresponded with that of Gray of this city and the officers sent a telegram to Superintendent Carr last night for particulars concerning the Gray of this city. Detective Smith called at Mr. Pinkney's residence and substantiated Gray's disappearance. Gray has a wife and two children, grown up daughters, and they are at a loss to account for his disappearance. The officers here are of the opinion that Gray is slightly demented and that he wrote the letters to this city signed by the initials above mentioned. The whole affair is as yet a mystery.

Innocent Rifle's Masquerade.

The opening masquerade ball given by the Innocent Rifles in their armory last night was an enjoyable affair and a complete success. There were 150 couples in attendance and the costumes ranged from the extremely ludicrous to the rich and pretty. Music was furnished by Warrburg's orchestra and handsome prizes were awarded to the best dressed lady and gentleman. The floor managers were Capt. J. C. Boon, Henry R. Guinn, Herbert W. Low, Edgar F. Robinson and Clarence R. West.

LUMBER WILL SUFFER.

Removal of Tariff Will Seriously Affect the West.

TACOMA, Wash., Nov. 30.—Composite statistical records and interviews show that if the proposed tariff bill, placing lumber on the free list, passes congress there is no question, but the lumber industry of the Pacific coast of the United States will suffer; also that the lumbermen of Washington, Oregon and California generally, irrespective of political affiliations, oppose putting lumber on the free list. Fifty millions of dollars in round numbers represents the capital employed in the lumber industry of the Pacific coast according to figures furnished by an expert, Victor H. Beckman of the Puget Sound Lumberman. There are 850 sawmills and 404 shingle mills in the state of Washington. Oregon and California, whose output of lumber footed up last year 2,300,000,000 feet of lumber and 2,200,000,000 shingles of the aggregate value of \$27,000,000. The number of men employed in the logging camps of these states is 27,000, to whom the paid in wages annually \$18,000,000.

Well Deserved.

A good story is told of Sir Patrick Hamilton, once mayor of Dublin, and a worthy man. He was somewhat saving of money, and his wife was really parsimonious. Even when she had become "the mayor's lady" her husband could not induce her to buy a new gown, and he stooped to deception in order to satisfy his pride.

He bought her a silk for 55 shillings a yard, but met her scruples by telling her it had cost only 40. The evening after she had received it she displayed it with pride to some acquaintances.

"Forty shillings a yard?" cried one.

"Why, ma'am, I would give you five and forty for it at this moment!"

"Would you, madam? You shall have it!" was the reply, and the giddy Sir Patrick, who dared not remonstrate, had the well deserved pleasure of seeing the silk carried away by its new owner.—Youth's Companion.

An Authority.

An English gentleman who believed that his name was honorably known in connection with his learned "History of the Mongols" once had reason to reflect upon the uncertainty of fame. An exchange tells the story:

Sir Henry Howarth sat at dinner next to a lady whose mind seemed full of the diseases and distresses of her pet dog, and who bombarded Sir Henry with questions as to what should be done with the animal.

Not being satisfied with his replies, she finally expressed her great disappointment at his ignorance, and remarked:—

"Well, Sir Henry, I must say I did think you would have told me how to manage my little dog, particularly as it is crossbred—you who wrote that delightful 'History of the Mongrels'!"—Exchange.

Valuable Time Lost.

Briggs—Did you have a nice time last night at the reception?

George—Not at first.

Briggs—What was the matter?

George—I lost nearly 30 minutes trying to find the punch bowl.—Detroit Free Press.

We Are Very Busy
Selling
Grand Rapids Made
Clothing!

Those handsome \$10.00, 9.00, 8.00 and 7.00 home manufactured Men's Suits for \$4.52 are going like a whirlwind.

For \$6.00 and \$8.00 you can buy suits made by us, worth \$10.00 and 12.00. At other people's big blow prices you will pay more than this.

For \$3.25 we'll button around you one of those Chinchilla blizzard-defying Storm Coats that you see labled \$8.00 and 10.00 in other stores.

All clothing at uniformly low prices.
Only honest methods employed here.

**Houseman
Donnelly
AND Jones**
MANUFACTURERS AND RETAILERS OF
RELIABLE CLOTHING
34 - 36 - 38 - MONROE - ST.

"Some men were born for great things,
Some were born for small,
Some, it is not recorded
Why they were born at all."

Maybe so, and maybe not so. We haven't the time, disposition or desire to learn the truth or falsity of the above aphorism.

Our Entire Attention,
Our Sole Efforts,
Our Undivided Energies

Are confined to being exerted in behalf of and given over to

Coal Hods, Ash Cans,
Stove Boards and Coal Hods.

As the wanderer finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything, we see in everything we sell added happiness in some homes, satisfaction everywhere.

**FOSTER-STEVENS
& CO.**
MONROE ST.